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PUCK

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It Is All In The Asking

IF you merely ask for "Boonekamp" Bitters, you may be served with **anything,** from the original **"UNDERBERG"** to the very worst of its many imitations. The **ONLY** way to make sure of getting the "Original" and "Genuine" is not to mention the word "Boonekamp," but ask for

Underberg Bitters

With Sherry or mixed drinks say: "A dash of **Underberg"** or **"Underberg Bitters."** For a tonic "bracer," call for a "pony" or small glass of **"Underberg"** or **"Underberg Bitters."**

For the sideboard at home, for the benefit of the whole family, order by the bottle, definitely, **"Underberg Bitters,"** *and be protected from substitutes.*

Bottled only by H. Underberg Albrecht, Rheinberg, Germany, since 1846.

LUYTIES BROTHERS, NEW YORK
General Agents

Club Cocktails

A BOTTLED DELIGHT

SEVEN KINDS

The most popular are Martini (Gin Base), Manhattan (Whiskey Base); at all good grocers.

THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. The following label appears on every bottle:

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act, Approved June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1707.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
HARTFORD. NEW YORK. LONDON.

TRADE MARK

R. A. PATTERSON TOBACCO CO. RICH'D, VA.
LUCKY STRIKE

Fragrant and Delicious

Does not Bite the Tongue

PIPE smoking is the healthiest, most economical way to enjoy the fragrant weed, **if** you get the right kind; that which gives a cool smoke to the end, and **does not bite the tongue** or easily "blow out" in a high wind.

LUCKY STRIKE Sliced Plug Pipe Tobacco

unsmoked, has a fascinating odor, that makes you jump for a pipe and a light. Smoked! It fulfills all promises of delight. The home circle enjoys its aroma.

Pocket size, tin box, 10c.

You Will find it Everywhere

Buy a Box Today

Blessings never come singly they come in

Pears'

Purity and Economy

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST

"All Rights Secured."

HIS NEW EASTER TOGS.

"My old Grand Opera clothes were a trifle behind the times."

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK
No. 1568. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1907
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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$2.50 for six months. $1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

FOR CHIEF ENGINEER at Panama: Thomas Collier Platt of New York. He wouldn't resign.

MR. CORTELYOU could inspire confidence by quietly saying that the presidency of a trust company is not his idea of the reward of virtue.

IF JOHN SCANNEL'S kisses are worth $5,000 apiece, what is the value of a kiss from Charley Murphy? From Tim Sullivan? From Pat McCarren?

THE WAR DEPARTMENT has reduced the rations of the army horse from 12 lbs. of grain daily to 9 lbs.; of the army mule from 9 lbs. of grain to 8 lbs.; and of horses and mules from 14 lbs. of hay daily to 10 lbs. And yet, as you will doubtless recall, the last session was gloriously known as the Billion Dollar Congress.

CHICAGO business men, "patrons of the fast trains," have requested that the schedule be extended from 18 to 20 hours during the winter months. The ground by the side of the track is much too hard and frosty for comfort in winter.

DOWIE'S chief affliction was the widespread disease of megalomania. Roosevelt has it, Jerome has it—it's as common as measles—No great harm is done if it does not pass a certain stage.

EVER NOTICE IT? When a little crook is caught with the goods, he is hustled off to jail. But when a big one is landed, he is usually invited to call at the White House and talk it over with the President.

THE INSURANCE world is mourning the loss of a luxuriant bunch of whiskers.

"WE HAVE got to come out in the open"—*Harriman.*
Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle of rum!

IT APPEARS that the persons responsible for the Slocum disaster were also responsible for the Iroquois Theatre fire. Doubtless it will be found that they also brought about the Larchmont disaster.

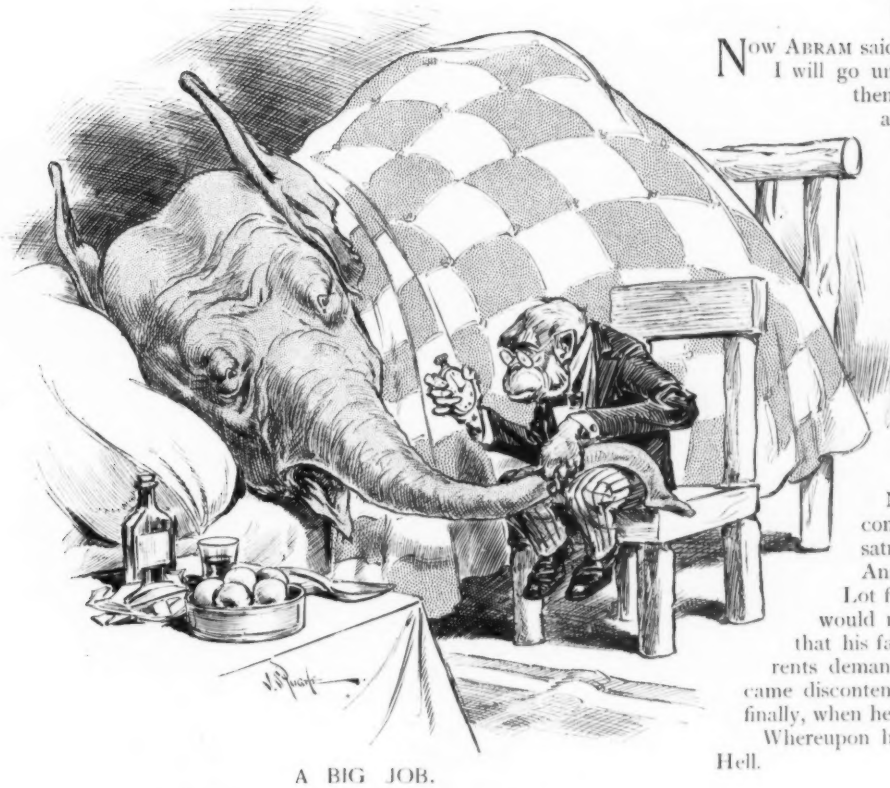
AMONG THE many remarkable things that Mr. Harriman believes is that "the combinations of railroads should be legalized to the extent that *such* combinations will aid in cheapening transportation." As they of course will. See how the trusts have reduced prices. And the protective tariff is the poor man's friend.

A SPORTING WRITER on the *Evening Mail* pokes fun at President Eliot's views on football. This is important only as showing a disposition on the part of sporting writers and United States Presidents to assume that universities are primarily sporting institutions.

IF John Alexander Dowie had possessed Mrs. Eddy's self-control all his troubles might have been averted. Mary Baker Glover Etcetera never traveled with a brass band.

FOR A MAN of such treacherous memory, a sufferer from "do not recall" and "cannot remember" in such acute forms, Mr. Harriman is somewhat presumptious in his offer to be Advisor-in-Chief to the American people.

HIS EASTER HAT.



A BIG JOB.

DOCTOR MONK.—You have a well developed case of appendicitis.

MR. ELEPHANT.—Great Jungles! Will you have to operate, Doc?

DOCTOR MONK.—Not exactly; I'm afraid that in your case we'll have to excavate.

KEPT OFF THE GRASS.

NOW ABRAM said unto Lot, "If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go unto the right, and if thou departest to the right, then will I go to the left." Lot looked to the East and saw that the land was good, so he chose that. But others had chosen it before him.

When he arrived at a town which showed evidence of wealth, he looked out a vacant lot and pitched his tents. A spearman ordered him to move on. He went to the outskirts, and when he had found a waste piece of land, he began to graze his oxen on it. A citizen came and said, "Don't you see that sign, 'No trespassing here,'" and drove him off. Then he went clear out of sight of the habitations of men and settled down. A game-keeper chased him away with a bow.

Poor Lot went West again; but Abram was a just man and had just appropriated all that country to himself.

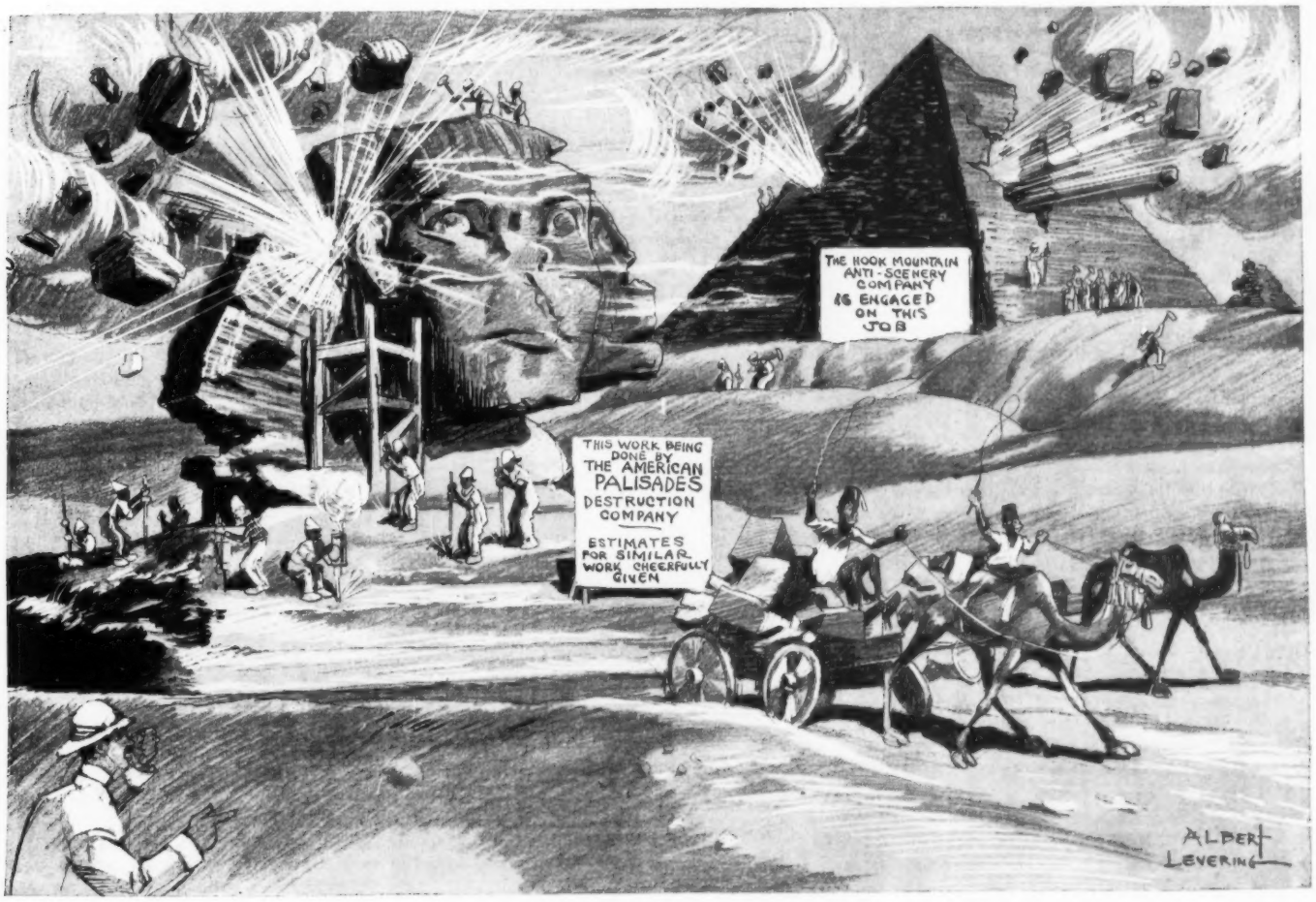
Now Lot was a turbulent sort of fellow, so he complained to the satrap. When he had finished the satrap said: "We have no use for Socialists or Anarchists in this free land. You are a bad Lot."

Lot figured it out that the sale of one-half of his cattle would not buy enough land to feed the other half, and that his family could not live on a smaller herd, while the rents demanded took all the profits of the ranch. He became discontented, revolutionary, clamored for free silver, and finally, when he had nothing left, he drifted into Sodom.

Whereupon he gave over raising cattle and prospered raising Hell.

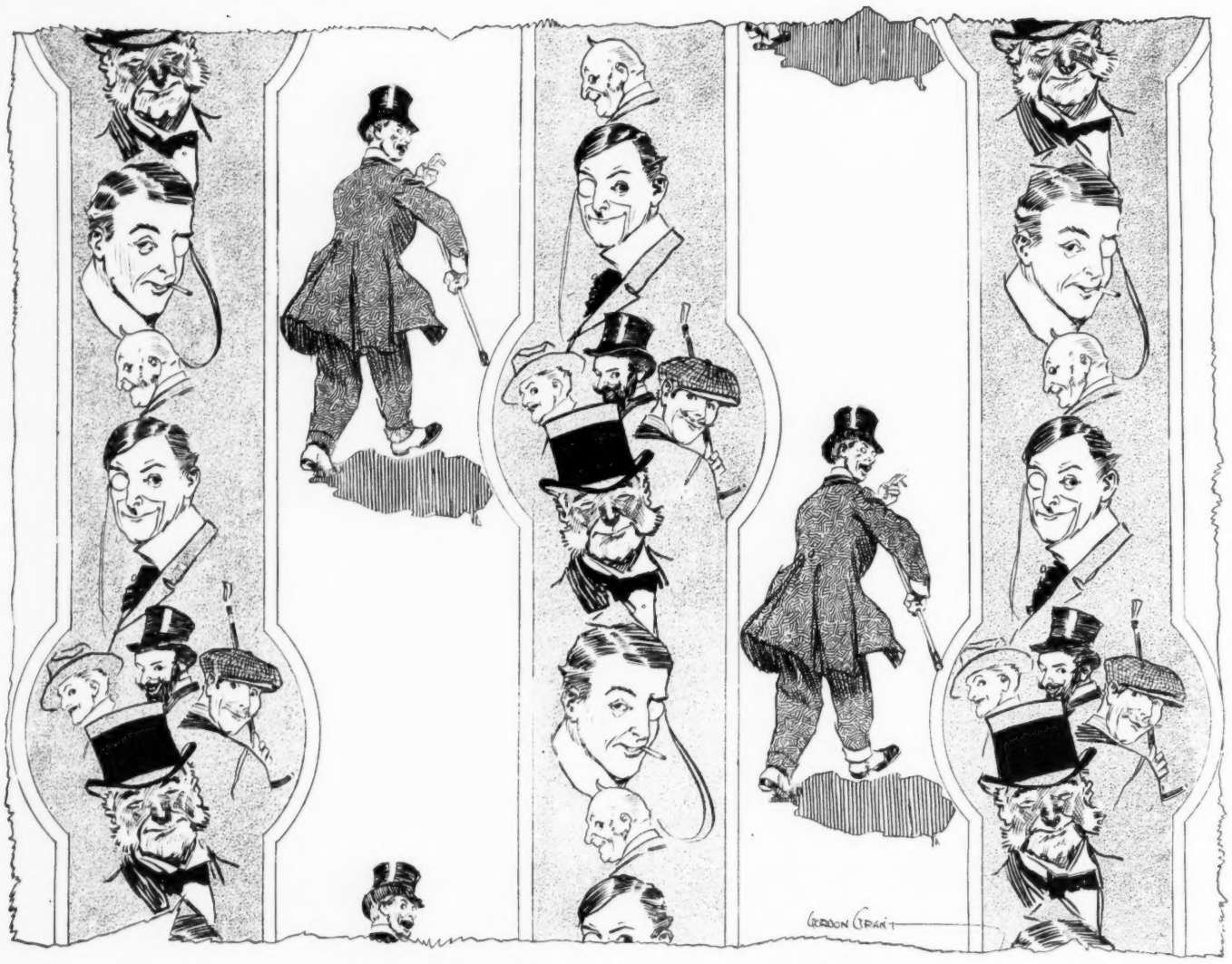
Bolton Hall.

TO HIM that hath it shall be given (to get out of paying his taxes) but from him that hath not shall be taken (directly or indirectly) even that which he hath.



EXCELLENT BUILDING MATERIAL.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IN EGYPT IF "MODERN ENTERPRISE" HAD ITS WAY.



WALL PAPER PATTERN FOR A FLIRT'S BOUDOIR.

JAMES ITT'S EASTER CLOTHES.

MR. JAMES ITT was so engaged in believing that he was the best looking and most rapid-fire post-office clerk in New York City, that he became more and more of a hummer every day, on his own private tablets.

The thing got to be a habit, a species of thralldom. Mr. Itt did not know it; but anybody who had secreted himself in Mr. Itt's apartment (it was a bedroom of the "hall" type) might have heard Mr. Itt murmuring to himself in an absent way; might have noted that Mr. Itt hummed snatches of tunes; might have discerned that Mr. Itt frequently cleared his throat in an important manner as he stood before the cracked 7x9 mirror and arranged his hair and adjusted his natty necktie.

The person observing Mr. Itt would not have needed to be the keenest observer in the world to understand that the precise thing which went on in Mr. Itt's mind was as follows:

"Who is the greatest, wisest, most prominent post-office clerk at Station Z?"

Ans.—James Itt.

Is he a good-looker?

Ans.—He is the very swellest looker that ever entered the postal service of the United States, bar none.

How does Mr. James Itt dress?

Ans.—His taste in clothes is remarkably fine. As a dresser, he is a wonder.

(Pause.)

What is the greatest day in the year?

Ans.—Easter Sunday.

It is perfectly proper to state that Easter Sunday was especially large on the calendar of James Itt in the Year of Our Lord 1907. Never in his history as a post-office clerk, good looker and swell dresser, had Mr. Itt made preparations so beautiful. His raiment was royal. His trousers were just about the gladdest pair that ever soothed the eyesight of a particular person. A hue of purple and a cross bar of the most fetching pattern in snangulum weave, with borio triangular work on the seams and at the bottoms, certainly attracted attention. Lavender was the prevailing hue, though the tone scheme was modified by the introduction of a Maupassant element—this on the authority of the tailor.

Do not ask about Mr. Itt's waistcoat. Merely assume that the most gorgeous waistcoat creation you ever saw, or, please Heaven, ever may see, is not of consequence in comparison with Mr. Itt's 1907 Excelsior pattern. Mr. Itt's chest had growing pains all the time he wore it.

The texture of Mr. Itt's coat was very fine, and the pattern was of a sort to please any fastidious gentleman whose taste inclined to a brownish mauve in color and a mauvish brown effect, when a half-light fell upon the shoulders, as when one paused under an Elevated Station.

The intensity of the grief that James Itt felt when he learned that he would have to be on duty at Post Office Station Z from nine to eleven on Easter Sunday was, is and shall be, unspeakable. The preparations on the part of Mr. Itt for his annual stroll on Fifth Avenue at precisely these hours might almost as well never have been made. Great tears coursed down the immaculately shaven and elegantly perfumed cheeks of Mr. Itt as he sat on the edge of his

Never tell a girl that she has a pretty nose—and stop there. She will suspect the worst as to your opinion of her other points.

THE NEARER THE FATTER.

FIFTY MILES OUT. FORTY MILES OUT. TWENTY-FIVE MILES OUT. TWELVE MILES OUT. NEW YORK.

bed in his room of the "hall" type, and read the brutal notification that the fellow-clerk he'd hired to take his hours that Sunday was sick. It was now 8:30; Mr. Itt had been stepping into his trousers of lavender hue and snangulum weave at the moment the note had been brought to him. Despair preyed upon him as he sat hopelessly in his pink silk underwear (Mr. Itt was quite æsthetic throughout) and a lump in his throat was just then the swellest thing about him.

James Itt had an expectation which amounted to an appointment. He expected to find, on the south-east corner of Sixth Ave. and 44th Street, at not far from 9:30 o'clock an attractively gowned young woman whom he had often warmly commended in his own imaginative mind as the future Mrs. James Itt.

Whether she would be, after marriage—but we digress.... James Itt rose from his bed and dashed off a note, which he dispatched to Miss Mollie Irene Jones.

Miss Jones received the note just as her sister was clasping the back of her new peach bloom dress for her in her boudoir on the top floor back of the Jones family flat.

"Important matters at post-office require my official presence this morning. Will try to arrange to see you at noon. Hope you received flowers O. K."

That was the note. Miss Jones was displeased.

It was an evil moment for James Itt when he decided to wear his Easter garments to the post-office substation. To be sure, he took them off and hung them with great care in his locker—which didn't lock.

Sammy Sutchley was off duty a half-hour before James Itt, he saw the Easter garments in the lockless locker; a devil seized him. Sammy Sutchley was especially liable to such a seizure, where James Itt was concerned, for they were not only rival post-office clerks, but rivals for the smiles of Mollie Irene Jones. It was through the villainy of Sammy Sutchley that James Itt had that morning been in receipt of the news that the fellow-clerk who was to have worked for him was too ill. Sammy had taken him out the previous evening. As Sammy Sutchley gazed upon the Easter garments of James Itt, the devil that had seized him made to him a devilish suggestion. Sammy acted upon it . . . Why not . . . he was about the same size and build as James Itt.

When Mr. Itt went to change his clothes, he was stricken with grief . . . At the very moment, oddly enough, Sammy Sutchley was walking gaily along Sixth Avenue in the vicinity of 44th Street . . . Catching sight of a peach-blown dress and a pair of smiling eyes, he gallantly raised Mr. James Itt's silk hat, and threw open Mr. Itt's coat. Mr. Itt's incomparable waistcoat met the approving glance of Mollie Irene Jones.

"Mr. Itt is detained; he won't be here to-day," said Mr. Sutchley, absently. Miss Jones' countenance fell.

"Strolling?" asked Mr. Sutchley, tenderly.

"I don't mind," said she.

Fifth Avenue was crowded that day, but James Itt found them.

Attired in his post-office clothes, Mr. James Itt sat, on Easter night, in the dimly lighted little parlor of the Jones flat. His arm was about the waist of Miss Jones. They appeared to have reached an understanding.

"I was awfully afraid you'd be arrested?" she murmured.

"I had him licked too quick," said Mr. Itt; "there wasn't a cop in a block."

"You cert'nly give him a awful lesson to be more gentlemanly," sighed Miss Jones, happily.

James Itt moaned.

"Why, Darlin'," said she. "Ain't you happy?"

"I was thinkin' what I done to the clo's when I licked him."

Mollie patted his cheek, fondly. "You can get some more, next Easter," she said.

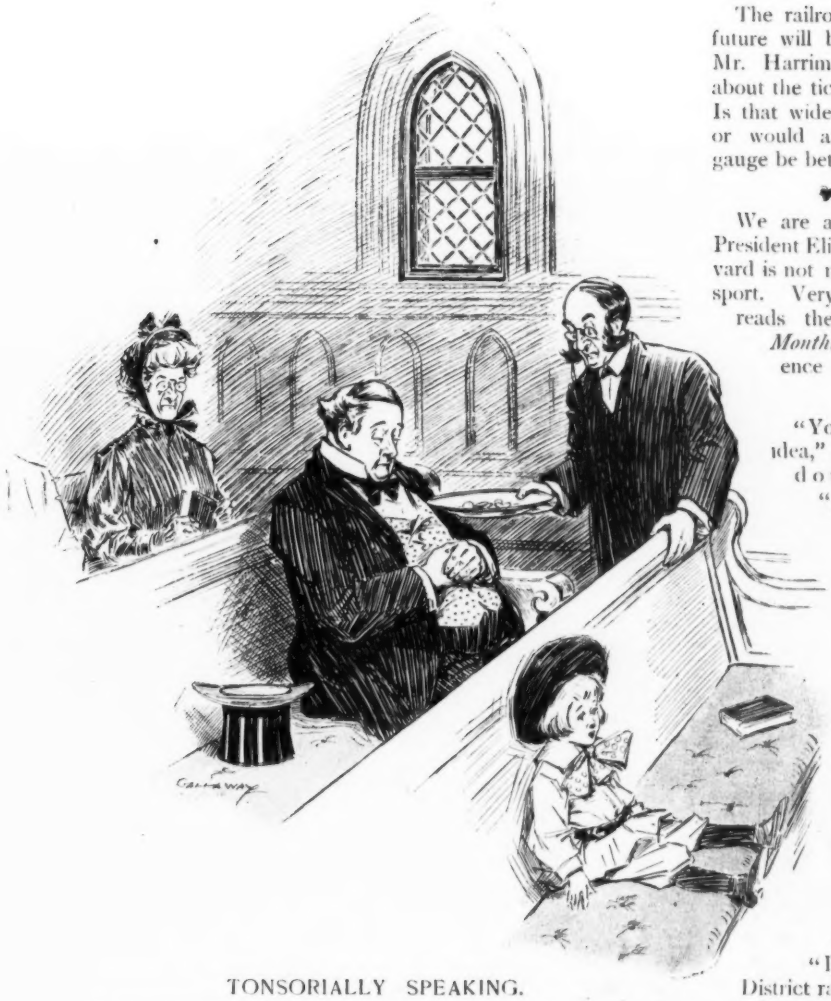
"No," said Mr. Itt; "we shall be married, then."

Fred Ladd.

WHEN WOMEN VOTE.

CANDIDATE FOR OFFICE.—Come, girls! What'll you have? This one's on *me!*

HIS SUCCESSOR



TONSORIALLY SPEAKING.

SLUMBERING WORSHIPPER *(in audible undertone)*.—Cut it pretty short in back, Tony, an' around by the ears; but don't take as much off the top as you did last time.

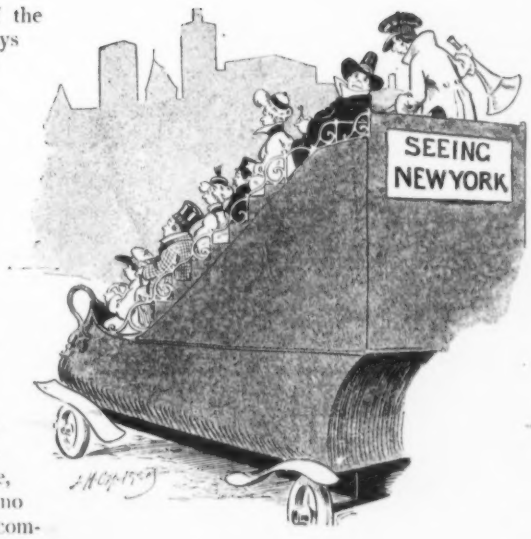
The railroad gauge of the future will be wider, says Mr. Harriman. How about the ticker tape? Is that wide enough? or would a one-inch gauge be better?

We are afraid that President Eliot of Harvard is not much of a sport. Very likely he reads the *Atlantic Monthly* in preference to *Outing*.

"You have no idea," says a London suffragette, "you have no idea how completely most women are crushed by men." Read this to your wife. It may amuse her.

"A woman's head is less in circumference than a man's," says Miss Jessie Fowler, "but it is longer." So is her waist.

B. L. T.



NOT YET, BUT —

GENTLEMAN FROM OSHKOSH — Say, where's the American quarter in this town? I've seen all the others.

ANNOUNCER.—What? The American quarter? Oh, that's gone long ago!

March Wind.

POST-LENTEN DITTY.

NOW THE forty days are up,
Lead us, Nick, into temptation.
Pass the flesh and fill the cup.
Where'd you go for your vacation?

Hell? Oh, Hell! you can't beguile
Me with that yarn. Don't deny it—
You have been here all the while,
Playing bridge-whist on the quiet.

Nature has many moods, among them the ironical. Snow after snow she piled upon the graft-ridden metropolis, showing what a howling farce is its street cleaning department. The New York taxpayer would resent being robbed if he were not too busy skinning his neighbor.

"Don't mutilate horses," says Homer Davenport, and thereupon proceeds to mutilate a couple with pen and ink. Homer and his art works remind us of—

"The young man from Carlisle,
Who insisted on playing the mandolin,
Till his friends said: 'Good heavens,
You'd certainly please us,
If you'd quit doing that for a while.'"

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

THE CHIEF counter of the Dough was in consultation with the Trustees. Counsel for Mother Eddy was present, and suspiciously twiddled his thumbs.

"In regard to the thirteen millions we got as the Eastern District rake-off last year," glibly murmured the Chief Counter, "there seems to be no good reason why it shouldn't be distributed among the Trustees. What are Trustees for, if not—"

"One moment, please—one moment!" suggested Counsel for Mother Eddy—"Is there any good reason why the rake-off shouldn't be distributed among Mother Eddy? What?" Here the tone of Chief Counsel became querulous—"What is Mother Eddy for, if not—"

He paused.

Chief Counter of the Dough gazed deeply into eyes of Counsel.

Each gentleman smiled.

"Now," said they, "we understand the situation!"

Thus establishing themselves on a plane above the hoi palloi.

EVIDENCE.

COPY READER.—Did that new man say he ran a country paper?

EDITOR.—He did.

COPY READER.—He's a liar. Here's his story of the Jones-Smith elopement, and not once does he say that Jones "denied the soft impeachment."

FOR THE GOOD OF THE CAWS.

Don't hold your mirth for a rise. The last laugh is best, but many a man has lost out entirely by waiting for it.

THE PUCK PRESS

JACK AND THE

THE GIANT.

IN HIGH SOCIETY.

MRS. G. WATT MUNN.—See, dearie; that is your little sister. The horse-doctor brought her while *you* were asleep.

A TALE OF THE RAIL.

"WELL," said the President of the Railroad to the Board of Directors, "we won't put in any safety system because it's cheaper without."

"O. K." said the Board.

"All right," muttered the General Public; "you just wait and see if you aren't taught a lesson."

So the President and the Board of Directors waited until the next meeting, but as no one had taught them a lesson they concluded the G. P. must have been mistaken.

"This year," said the Vice-Pres. of the Board, "we might as well make these telegraph operators understand that forty is about the right size for their monthly pay envelopes. Of course this means that we'll have to hire a lot of kids, but what's the odds?"

"O. K." snickered the board of directors.

"All right," the G. P. nodded wisely; "but you just wait and see if you aren't taught a lesson."

So the President and the V.-P. and the Board of Directors waited until next dividend time, but as no one came around with any school books they concluded the G. P. must have been mistaken.

"Seems to me," urged the Secretary of the Board, "that we're spending too much money on extra shifts of men. If a man can't stay at his post sixteen hours a day, he ought to be fired."

"O. K." chuckled the Directors.

"All right," growled the Public; "but you just wait and see if you aren't taught a lesson. You just wait."

So the President and the Vice-President and the Secretary and all the rest of them waited for some time, but as nobody with a teacher's certificate or other credential came around, they decided to start out in a private car and find out what the General Public meant.

About this time, along about the end of his sixteen-hour day, a seventeen year old boy at forty dollars per month, and no cuts in pay for overtime, fell asleep over his telegraph instrument. There was no safety system and a few moments later two trains tried to pass hurriedly on the same track.

Unhappily the President and the Vice-President and the Secretary and the Board generally had had their car unhitched at the last station up the line to enjoy a champagne supper, tendered by prominent citizens, so that nobody was killed except two hundred and fifty immigrants who couldn't vote and didn't count, and an engineer, fireman, and brakeman or two. Moral—The General Public is generally mistaken.

Horatio Winslow.

SIMPLE ARITHMATIC.

NOTHING FROM NOTHING LEAVES NOTHING.

THE REVISED VERSION.

PASTOR.—I now pronounce you man and wife.

BLUSHING BRIDE (*firmly*).—Pardon me; *woman* and husband, if you please!

DISPLACED.

"HERE'S another battleship talked of."

"Ah! What displacement?"

"Ten million dollars."

EXPENDITURE.

"THE ARCHITECT estimates the cost of the new public building at a round million."

"Too little."

"Decidedly. He puts down the graft at only $500,000."

"Absurd!"

"About what it would have been ten years ago."

"Making no allowance for the enormous increase in the cost of living?"

"Apparently not."

"Well, I declare!"

THE ECLIPSE OF A LEGAL LIGHT.

A Tragedy in Business Cards.

CONSTITUTIONAL FEDERAL
AND CORPORATION PRACTICE

ALGERNON P. VAN NÜYS A.B. LL.B.
(Yorvard, '06)

COUNSELLOR AT LAW

9-11-13-15 Toplofty Building

June

SPECIAL ATTENTION
GIVEN TO COLLECTIONS

ALGERNON P. VAN NÜYS LL.B.

ATTORNEY AT LAW

9-11-13 Toplofty Building

August

ABOUT THIS TIME O' YEAR.

TYPEWRITING PUBLIC 'PHONE
IN OFFICE

A. P. VAN NUYS

LAW, LIFE INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE

Notary Public 9-11 Toplofty Building

October

MICHAEL HENNESSY AL. VANNESS

HENNESSY & VANNESS

MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS

AGENTS FOR--
The "Little Wonder" Corkscrew
Fizzle Gas Mantels
Barton's Balm for Bruises

9 Toplofty Building

December

BEYOND HER SPHERE.

Mrs. Finicky.—Norah, I just read that a celebrated German doctor says a broom is full of bacteria, so hereafter you'll have to give your broom an antiseptic bath each day.

The Maid.—I'll do nawthin' av the kind! It'll likely git worse soon an' thin rayquire alkyhol rubs, massage thratemints, hippydermic injictions an' hot-wather bottles at night, an' I'll have ye understand right now that I'm no thrained nurse!

THE ACCEPTED TIME.

"De choir am now about to vociferate," said good old Parson Bagster, during a recent Sabbath morning's service in Ebenezer Chapel, "and uh-whilst dey am a-doin' of it, I solemnly suggets dat de mothers of dem sassy child'en dat has been uh-'sturbin' de congregation take dis occasion to spank 'em. Dis special song will rise loud and high, muh sistahs, and so uh-whilst yo' do yo' duty dess do it wid zeal and liberality. Spar' de spank and sp'ile de child—give it to de little varmints hot and heavy, and de Lawd will bless yo', and de rest of us will owe yo' a vote o' thanks. De choir will now po' fo'th deir hozanners."

CONFIDENCES.

Spendall.—If I'd known you were so extravagant I would never have married you.

Mrs. Spendall.—If I hadn't been, papa would never have let you.

The only objection some people seem to have to telling the truth is a fear that they will be found out at it.

You can't compare the flavor of the Murad with that of any other cigarette, because the Murad flavor is distinctive—original—incomparable.

MURAD CIGARETTES

represent the highest skill in the blending of rich Turkish tobaccos—a smooth, mild, mellow smoke which gratifies the taste of every smoker and which has established the Murad as

"THE METROPOLITAN STANDARD"

10 for 15 cents

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York

CLOSE QUESTION.

"What would you do ef you found yo'se'f 'twixt de devil en de deep sea?"

"That's a close question; but I'll tell you right now: I'd wish ter de Lawd dat I wuz a new Jonah, wid a friendly whale loafin' 'roun'!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

PROGRESS.

"I suppose you are interested in our American commonwealth?"

"No," answered the distinguished foreigner. "Since my previous visit I find that in order to be of any consequence American wealth must be of the uncommon sort."—*Washington Star.*

IT will be quite a joke on Nicaragua and Honduras if President Roosevelt allows the war down there to continue until somebody gets hurt.—*Washington Post.*

"HOW DO you like me in a perfectly plain waist?"

"Plain, eh? Well, I should say it had a very pretty figure in it.—*Princeton Tiger.*

PRETTY CHORUS GIRL.—That new chap I have on the string is heir to a million!

OLDER GIRL FRIEND.—Don't marry him for that; there's a big difference between an heir to a million and a millionaire.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wilson—

For guarantee of purity, see back label on every bottle:

That's All!

A KALAMAZOO (Mich.) woman has named her baby girl "Evelyn Nesbit." Which we are forced to accept as proof that Kalamazoo has no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.—*Washington Post.*

IRRESISTIBLE.

PERCY.—But, my dear, I thought I told you to get two $2 seats in the orchestra.

HIS WIFE.—Oh, I know you did, but this afternoon when I went to buy them, there was a speculator just outside selling perfectly lovely $5 box seats for only $4.98.

The first thing in the morning, if you need a bracer should be a tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in an ounce of sherry or a glass of soda. Try it.

THE Keeley Cure

for Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 27 years.

At the following Keeley Institutes:

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Hot Springs, Ark.
San Francisco, Cal.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C.
211 N. Capitol St.
Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Lexington, Mass.
Portland, Me.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
265 So. College Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.
2803 Locust St.
Omaha, Neb.
Cor. Cass & 25th Sts.
North Conway, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
White Plains, N. Y.
Columbus, O.
1087 N. Dennison Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.
812 N. Broad St.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Pittsburg, Pa.
4216 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I.
Richmond, Va.
Toronto, Ont., Canada.
London, England.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

20TH CENTURY LIMITED—18-HOUR TRAIN TO CHICAGO
New York Central and Lake Shore.

MORE THAN

FIFTY YEARS

AGO

HUNTER WHISKEY

WAS PUT UPON THE MARKET, AND EVERY YEAR ADDS TO ITS SPLENDID REPUTATION. RIPENED BY AGE, ITS MELLOWED EXCELLENCE REMAINS ABSOLUTELY UNSURPASSED. IT IS TO-DAY

FIRST OVER THE BARS

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

If the man who sleeps in an attic is a philosopher, he congratulates himself that he gets fresher air than the man who sleeps on the ground floor. —*Somerville Journal.*

It is difficult to understand how a train with the President aboard dared to be late.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Made From Skimmed Milk.

"Why I see billiard balls, boxes for handkerchiefs, ink wells, combs, &c., are now made from skimmed milk," said the dealer in the lacteal fluid.

"And one other thing you forgot to mention is made out of skimmed milk," said the lady as he handed out the tickets.

"What's that, ma'am?"

"Money!" — *Yonkers Statesman.*

Make a Note of It.

"Don't be worried, dear brethren, when the world finds fault with you. Don't you see that it pays the astronomers big money to find spots on the sun.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

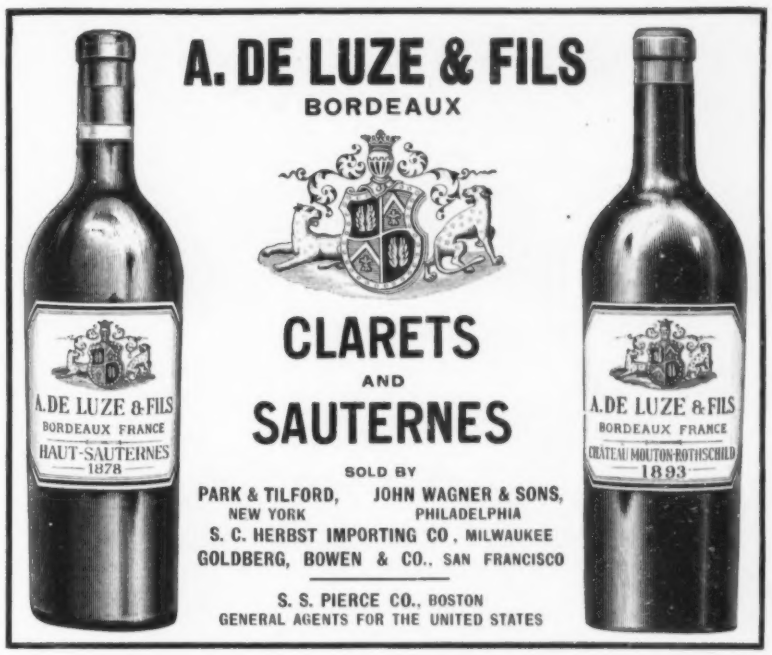
She.—Did they understand your French in Paris?

He.—No, but that's a place where money talks.—*Detroit Free Press.*

From Soup to Nuts

Instead of a mixture of wines, it is now the fashion to serve

throughout the meal.



Always.

"Why is it that none but unmarried women are being employed as schoolteachers?"

"Unmarried women are always so much better informed than the other kind about the governing of children, you know."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

An Excuse.

"Why didn't you introduce that bill?" asked the irate voter.

"It was this way," answered the smooth member of the legislature. "It was such a good bill that I didn't want to make it acquainted in such a promiscuous assemblage."—*Wash. Star.*

Mr. Shonts wants the railroads let alone, lest the small investors suffer. It must be extremely gratifying to the small investor to have so many great people worrying about his welfare. —*Washington Post.*

THE POLITE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Courteous Fox.—Old man, I've come to take you home with me for the Easter week-end. If you've got any other engagement, break it, as I won't take no for an answer.

The Teddy Bear Kind.

William was a bashful critter,
  Though for girls he had good taste;
He would never turn the gas down,
  Nor embrace 'em 'round the waist.

One fine evening he was calling
  On his Arabella fair,
And she asked him, with a chuckle,
  Would he be her Teddy Bear?

"Am I like a bear?" he asked her;
  And she answered, with a shrug,
"You are like the Teddy kind, for
  You just stare and never hug."
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

At Princeton.

PROFESSOR. — Suppose a movable force should meet an immovable body. What would result?

STUDENT.— Oh, Yale would score against Harvard, the same as usual.— *Somerville Journal.*

LIQUEUR
À
PÈRES
CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

The Choicest
After-Dinner
Liqueur

This cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the removal of the Carthusian Monks from the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in France to Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés. Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

Blossoms of Hope.

"What are these blossoms?" asked a guest at a political dinner, pointing to a vase on the table.

"Those are blossoms of hope," replied the politician.

"I don't quite understand."

"They are plum blossoms." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

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WASHBURNE
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FASTENERS
With the
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Beware of Imitations
Key Chains - - 25c
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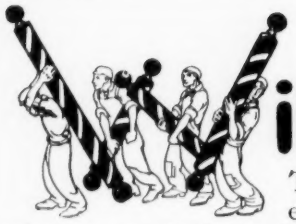

Williams' Shaving Soap

The accumulated skill and experience of nearly three-quarters of a century are back of the rich, creamlike, emollient lather of Williams' Shaving Soaps.

That's a pretty valuable consideration in any article of daily use and that plays so important a part in your daily comfort and the healthful condition of your face.

"THE ONLY KIND THAT WON'T SMART OR DRY ON THE FACE"

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for a Williams' Shaving Stick or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap, trial size. (Enough for 50 shaves.)

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Department A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Ask your druggist for Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Williams' Talcum Powder and Toilet Waters.

An English military expert says married soldiers make the best fighters. Well, why not? They're always fighting.— *Denver Post.*

WHEN you want a *full gravity* Ale that is perfectly brewed and perfectly bottled order

Evans' Ale

IT will make a connoisseur of the most casual ale drinker and affords a pleasure that is a revelation to the uninitiated.

Clubs, Restaurants and Saloons.

A whole lot has been written about the Importance of Clothes

to both the Business and Professional man. And it's mostly true. Some have gone so far as to say that, other things being equal, clothes have often turned the scale of decision in selecting an employee.

Now in clothes the Cravat's not the whole thing, but it is a mighty important item. A good Cravat will look better, keep its shape better, and wear better than an ordinary one.

KEISER CRAVATS

are good Cravats, and they always bear a little label. Unlike anonymous Cravats, they can be identified, and their maker accepts through the retailer, full responsibility to every man who exchanges his money for them. The Keiser label is a guarantee of satisfaction (to the wearer).

Keiser-Barathea staples in black, white, plain colors and figures —also white or black for evening dress.

An illustrated book—"The Cravat"—on the ethics of Correct Dress, sent anywhere on receipt of six cents in stamps.

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BEST MADE KEISER CRAVATS YEAR GUARANTEED

STILL the prospect of a 2-cent fare on the railroads isn't much comfort to the man who saw his annual pass miserably expire from the machinations of the law. — *Indianapolis News.*

ANNOUNCEMENT is made that Mr. Bryan is booked for eighty-six lectures on the Chautauqua circuit. Why should a man with an earning capacity like that ever want to be president. — *Cleve. Plain Dealer.*

THOUGH Senator Tillman may starve in Congress, it's a consolation to reflect that if he continues to flaunt his fiery periods on the platform he'll never freeze to death.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

PEOPLE are always saying over and over again: "I wonder where I got this cold." What they ought to do is to devote all their attention to getting rid of it.—*Somerville Journal.*

GENTLEMEN
WHO DRESS FOR STYLE NEATNESS, AND COMFORT WEAR THE IMPROVED
BOSTON GARTER
THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD
The Name is stamped on every loop—
The Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS
Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.
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ALWAYS EASY

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 395 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bar Keeper's Friend

GOVERNOR HUGHES of New York has promised to govern in the interests of the people. Governors usually make that promise, but there are certain reasons for believing that Hughes means it. — *Chicago Record-Herald.*

AN Englishman is never satisfied with the way Americans speak the English language, but he can usually understand them, whereas often the Americans cannot understand the Englishman. — *Somerville Journal.*

TAFT says he will not be foolish enough to refuse to accept the presidential nomination if it is offered to him. The Secretary of War is admirable for the false modesty that he does possess. — *Chic. Record-Herald.*

THERE should be no secrets between husband and wife, of course. Also, everybody should be always truthful.— *Somerville Journal.*

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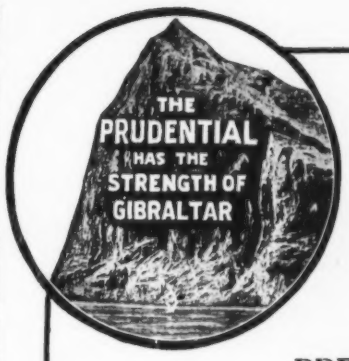

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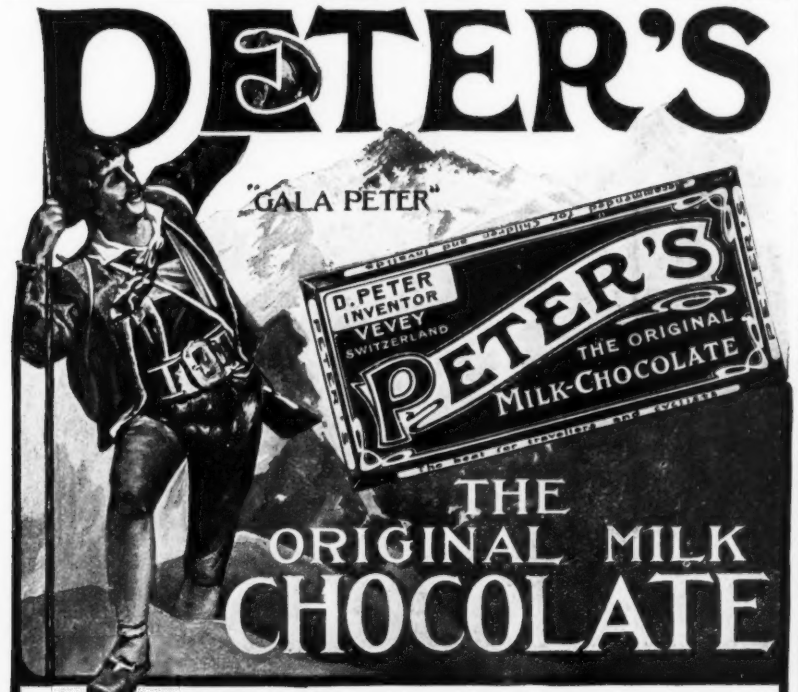

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Men spoke of her as "passing fair?"
But Time flies by so fast,
Now some of these same men declare
She's actually "past."
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

Speaking of Ivories.

SHE.—You ought to see him handle the ivories!

HE.—Is he a billiard player or a pianist?

SHE.—Neither. He's a dentist. —*Yonkers Statesman.*

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Of science books a score,
In twenty tongues the man could speak
And read the heavens o'er.
But still the wolf bayed loud and long,
And Hunger pinched his cheek,
Until at last he wrote a song
Called: "Nell and I Don't Speak!"
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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Drop it, kick it, or if you can think of a more severe test of safety, please make it — we accept any challenge. Our exclusive patent safety lever is the reason why accidental discharge is impossible, and it lifts the

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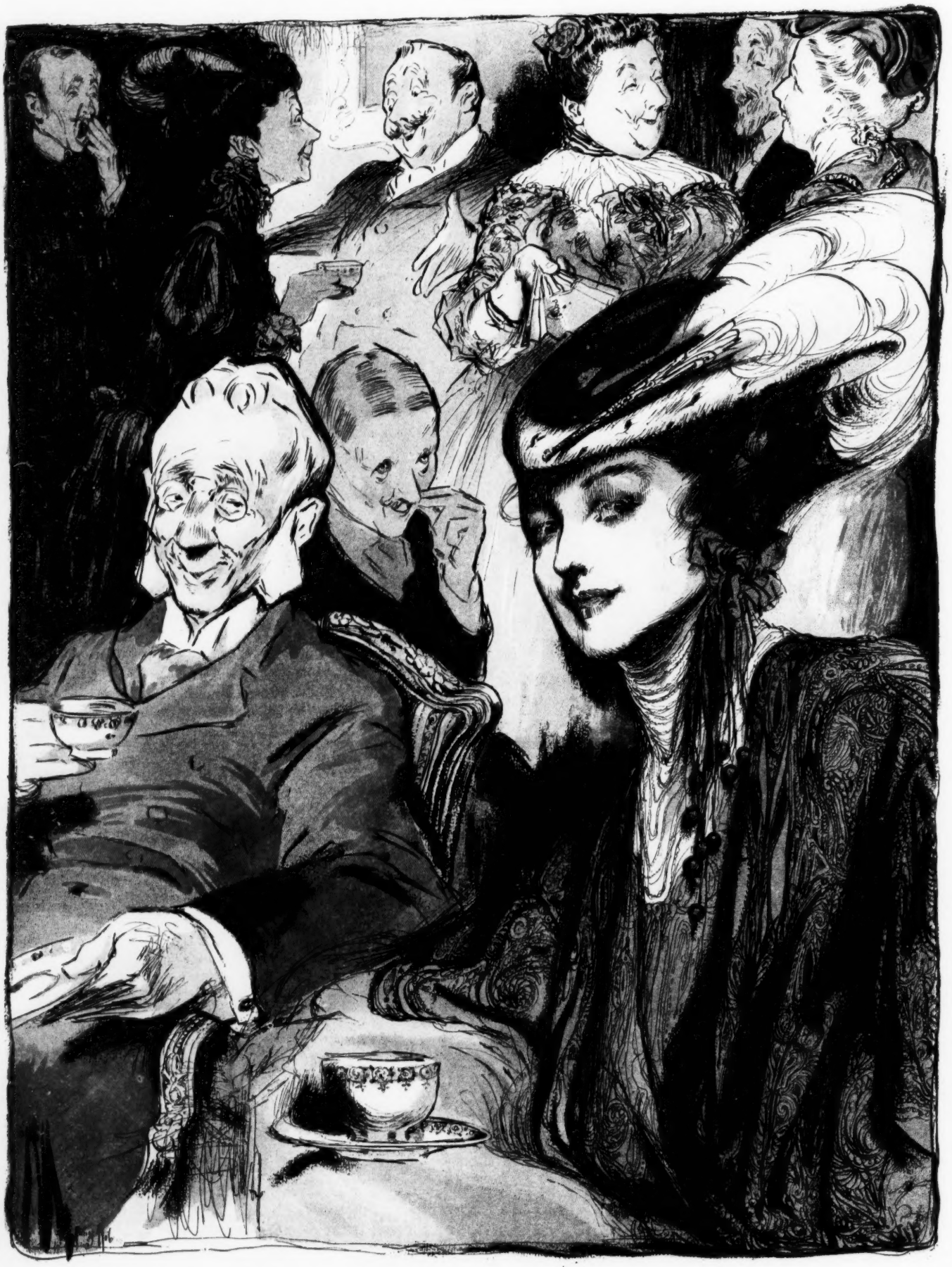

THE PUCK PRESS

FREDDIE'S STUNT.

MASCULINE GUEST.—Isn't that Freddie Fetherpeyt, sitting over there, plunged in thought?
FEMININE GUEST.—Yes. At an affair like this, everyone is expected to do something unusual, you know.

"Oh Be Jolly!"

P.B.

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P. B. is the best ale brewed.

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